

## SAMPLES OF STYLE.

Dickens, Dumas, Pere, and Charles  
Reade Successfully Imita-  
ted.

## Texas Sitings.

How shall I cultivate a correct literary style? wrote a youth, just budding into manhood, to a certain college professor.

Read the works of the best writers--the old masters of the English language, was the encouraging reply. The youth read long and carefully and pondered deeply on the advice of his old proceptor. Then he drew some broad sheets of paper toward him and wrote:

Style of Dickens: Hurrah for Jog Jiggins! Let every schoolboy's voice be raised for Jog Jiggins! Let the little birds pipe paeans of praise to Jog Jiggins, the old village sexton, who was on his way to the little stone church to ring the Matin bells on this whole Christmas morn. His long, gray hair was tossed around his wrinkled face by the same frolicsome wind that chased the dead leaves across thelea, and drove them in heaps into the fence corners. Jog Jiggins was as light-hearted as the merriest boy who followed his feeble footsteps through the light, dry, fluffy snow. But Jog would be happier. There was an aching void in his epigastrium. So Jog Jiggins stopped and drew a case bottle from his pistol pocket. He took a generous snifter, wiped his frothy beard, and again plodded his weary way onward to ring the Matin bells, like old Father Time, rustling for a fresh victim to move away in his straw stack.

Style of Dumas, Pere: Monsieur Golconda, have you the punch-strainer concealed about your person?

Nay.

Then, by the green earth under foot, and the blue vaults of heaven bending over us, thou shalt die!

Shalt die! Ha! Ha! So must we all, at times. It comes natural for some people to die. Each day some poor unfortunate turns up his pulseless toes.

O, no, my lord, not seriously. I never jest in serious tone. But what about my dying. You certainly could have had no reference to any allusion. Flowers have their time to fade and leaves to fall. And even those that don't die are generally put out on first base.

Say no more, said Count Thimblebriz I will try and strain the punch through my pocket-book. It is certainly thin enough.

Style of Charles Reade: Promptly at 12 o'clock, Farmer Butler came stamping into the large, old fashioned English kitchen. There was an aroma of roast beef permeating the atmosphere not unmingled with the seductive flavor of a tap-room.

The red face of Farmer Butler shone like a fall pippin, and his honest gray eyes gazed earnestly into those of his wife.

Where's Midge? he inquired.

She isn't here, answered his patient careworn wife.

Isn't here! said Father Butler, with surprise, where is she?

She's out, answered his wife with a pleading, pathetic look, similar to that of a house dog, waiting for some dinner scraps.

Oh, she's out, is she? sneered Farmer Butler, growing white around his trembling lips. See here, woman, I want you to keep that girl at home. She shall not be gallivanting.

No, said Mrs. Butler, abstractedly, not be gallivanting.

No gallivanting allowed on the Butler manor farm.

No gallivanting, echoed Mrs. Butler, with a sickly smile, keep off the grass. The girl is, evidently, love-struck, and angling like a Dutch fishmonger after carp. For far twenty years I have toiled and moiled for that girl, and no fair in the neighborhood came and went but what she cost me a two pun note for ribbons and gewgaws, and now she is nothing but a street walker.

O, Jerry! expostulated his wife.

Hush! said Mrs. Butler, warningly. Say not the word. Above all things, Midge is pure.

Pure! echoed Farmer Butler. By--bring me my beer.

A yellow foxhound slouched into the room at this moment and rooted out a black cat with bulging, yellow eyes from under the stove.

Curious Circumstances.

Chicago Tribune.

After a physician had tried in vain to dislodge two false teeth which a Pottsville, Penn., woman insisted had lodged in her throat, she found the teeth in her drawer, where she had put them.

The squealing of a rat which Thomas L. Reed, of Womelsdorf, Pa., was taking from a trap in his barn, brought a small army of rats to its assistance. Reed's dog routed the rats in a fierce battle.

A hawk chased a partridge from Skeene mountain, near Whitehall,

N. Y., into the village and through the glass in the window of a drug-store. Both birds fell bruised and bleeding in the centre of the room.

"John," said a dying girl to John Arnold, of Wrennburg, O., "I will take our engagement ring with me to the grave, for you will follow me very soon. He died within three days thereafter of a stroke of paralysis.

A man in Belleville, Nev., remembered just where he had lost his purse, containing \$480, but upon returning to the spot found that forty loads of earth had been dumped over it. It took him a day and a half to recover the purse.

When grasshoppers gave out, a turkey hen, belonging to A. C. Hicks, of Poughkeepsie, fed her thirty young ones with acorns. These having become scarce, the old turkey was seen the other day in an oak shaking down the acorns that remained clinging to the twigs.

## The Affectionate Son.

Galveston News.

It is all very well to be polite to ladies, but some people in this country carry it too far. There were several persons in a Galveston avenue car, and one of them was smoking, which was allowed, as there were no ladies in the car. A rough-looking country customer, with an expression that reminded one of an Irish potato, scowled a time or so at the smoker, and finally said:

"You ain't got no right to smoke when there are ladies in the car."

"I don't see any ladies," replied the astonished smoker, looking around.

"Maybe not, but my mother was a woman, and you shan't smoke while I am in the car out of respect to her memory."

The smoker gazed at the homely features of the man with the mother, and then, throwing the cigar out of the window, said:

"Why didn't you tell me sooner your mother was a woman, if you knew it?"

## Three Dozen Sullivan's Routed.

New York Sun.

A young man with a mouth of phenomenal width tied a string to an iron railing in lower Broadway the other afternoon. Then he took from a box on the sidewalk two wooden figures of men, one dressed in red trunks and the other in blue. The man wound the string around the arms and then twisted the disengaged end about the finger, yanked it, and opening to the widest limit his marvelous mouth, bawled: "Here you are: Sullivan and Wilson slugging with bare knuckles. An exhibition of Boston art for a dime. Who wants a little private Sullivan for the parlor?"

The figures danced on the cover of the box, and pitched into each other for all the world like pugilists. The spectators grew to a crowd, and the big mouthed man's pocket was filling with small coin when a policeman whirled around the corner and yelled at the man:

Hi you, jest take them jumpin' jacks and git out, or I'll run yer in.

The big mouthed man speedily gathered his wooden prize fighters, and, glancing furtively at the club, muttered:

Talk about Sullivan's! Here's three dozen Sullivan's knocked out by one cop.

## Tips From Congressmen.

These places are not so profitable as they used to be, said a neatly dressed and attentive colored waiter in the house of representatives, the other day, as he brushed an imaginary crumb from the table and adjusted a glass in order to kill time and give opportunity for a moment's gossip. You see that man over there--member of congress and rich, too? Well, do you suppose he ever gives a fellow anything? Never. The average congressman now is as close as the bark on a tree. We very seldom get anything out of them. Why, years ago these places used to be very much sought after. I remember in my experience here that men holding places here wouldn't exchange them for a government position. But that isn't the case now, not by a long-shot. If we make 50 cents a day extra we think we are in big luck.

Who are your best customers now? Oh, strangers. We don't get much from members nowadays. The visitors from the east are the best. Sometimes a lobbyist does something for us, especially if we can do something for him.

The members are not inclined to be liberal then?

No, indeed. There are a few who are, but they are very few. Now, there's Mr. Washburne of Minnesota; he is very liberal. He often comes in and gets a drink after the house adjourns or something like that and hands out a half dollar and won't take any change back. That's very clever, you know and gives a fellow a chance. But he is an exception among the western men, for they are most of them very careful of their money. Mr. Cox of New York is one of the

most liberal men we have next to Washburne. He often gives us something; indeed, almost every time he comes into the restaurant, even if he only takes a small bottle of wine.

How about Belmont?

Oh, he's not much good. He is too fussy. He makes a lot of fuss about his orders and gives very little, if any. Robeson?

Very little. He used to have his meals carried up to him in his committee room, and he gave the boy who carried them up 25 cents a week; that's all.

How about the other men who have their meals sent to their rooms?

Mr. Carlisle is the only one that has his meals sent up now. One boy has been carrying them to him ever since the session began, and he hasn't got a cent yet. He often has a lot of extra trouble about them, too, carrying them up and bringing them back, to keep warm, when the speaker isn't ready for them.

How about Keifer, the late speaker? Well, he wasn't overburdened with liberality, though he occasionally does something.

And Randall, who was speaker before him? Randall? Don't mention him. I guess that man took an oath when he began public life never to give anybody anything.

## Paragaphers Points.

New York Journal.

Some parents seem to think that the proper way to raise a child is by the ear.--Yonkers Statesman.

A young man with a pair of hand-painted suspenders generally finds a room too warm to work in with his coat on.--Philadelphia Call.

Barnum's will covered seven hundred pages. The veteran showman was bound to make it the most colossal aggregation on earth or die in the attempt.--Boston Transcript.

It is related that a clergyman, who, five years ago was paid \$10,000 a year by a Brooklyn church, is now a common drunkard. That's nothing. There are lots of men who have become drunkards on a good deal less money and in less time.--Boston Star.

There is a young Indian in Winnipeg who makes a living by laughing as a profession. He will laugh five minutes for five cents; and when some one tells him that Tilden will be the next Democratic presidential candidate, he will laugh fifteen minutes for nothing. He can't help it.--Norristown Herald.

Congressman Finerty was with Custer's command on the Rosebud, and in the preliminary skirmishes rode in front of the troops, although his duties as a newspaper correspondent did not demand it. The fact that he came back alive, while so many were slaughtered testifies to the Indian's undying hatred for the white man.--Boston Post.

Twenty young ladies of one church in Philadelphia have been married within two months. The influx of new female members since the last wedding has been enormous, but a corresponding falling off in the attendance of male members is confidentially expected. If they can catch twenty husbands in two months of an off year, goodness only knows what luck they will have during leap year if the material will only hold out.--Lowell Citizen.

The boy who yesterday fastened the rope of his sled to a spoke in the hind wheel of a milk wagon, was a little shaver who had never travelled, but since he came down and was picked out of the slush by a kind hearted man he has been inquiring for various works on the subject of gravitation and natural philosophy.--Detroit Free Press.

All who on sparkling wine get "tight," beware take timely warning. For, though it be champagne at night, 'Tis real pain next morn'g.

## Baby Bride and Groom.

Oswego (N. Y.) Times.

It is not often the usually quiet village of Malory has a sensation, and when anything out of the usual does occur, it puts the place in a flutter of excitement. For a long time past it has been observed by the friends of both parties that Louis Badgley and Josephine Howard, aged respectively fifteen and fourteen years, have been what may be termed "spooning." That is to say, they had all the symptoms that are common to people in love. Under the pretence of visiting a neighbor, the pair took their way to the residence of Sidney Roberts, who lent a friendly ear to their schemes. Mr. Robert's son Charles was let into the affair, and dispatched three miles for a neighboring clergyman to perform the ceremony. The minister was soon on his way to make two hearts happy and get his welcome fee. On arriving at the place, the youth of the candidates took even the domini back. The quails of conscience were soon quieted, however, by the prospective "sugar," and the children were in the most improved form made man and wife.

The absence of the girl from home

occasioned her parents uneasiness, and Mr. Howard instituted a search, which led to the discovery of his daughter. He was informed that it was "all over;" that his little girl was a wife. His grief may be imagined when the terrible news was broken to him. What course he will take is not known at present. If the courts can help him he will probably resort to them. It is a great pity, though, that the law does not place some restraint in matters of this kind on the man upon whom it has conferred the power to make people very miserable or very happy. Any clergyman who will unite in marriage two people who are too young to understand the solemnity of the obligations they assume, should be deposed from office, not only by the law of the church, but by the statutes of the state of New York. Universal sympathy is felt for the parents, and just indignation toward Rev. Mr. Owen, who performed the ceremony.

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N. B.--All who know themselves indebted to the above firm, will please call and settle the same. Smithton, Mo., Feb. 1, 1884. 2-5-w3c

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Jonathan R. Weber, deceased, were granted to the undersigned, on the 30th day of January, 1884, by the Probate court of Pettit county, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the administrator, within the time specified in the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred. This 4th day of February, 1884.

JOHN H. MERTZ, Administrator.

Notice.

OFFICE OF THE UNIVERSITY LAND CO., Sedalia, Mo., Feb. 7, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the University Land company will be held at the court house, in the city of Sedalia, on the 12th day of April, 1884, at 9 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of voting upon a proposition there and then to be submitted to increase the bonded indebtedness of said company from \$840 to \$5,000, and also to adopt a code of by-laws.

(Signed.) R. G. Wilkerson, L. N. Brown, J. W. Truxel, W. P. Conley, Wm. Beck, J. R. Barrett, D. Ward, trustees of the University Land company.

Referring to the above notice, the stockholders of said University Land company are hereby notified that at the time and place named in the above notice, to-wit: On the 12th day of April, 1884, at 9 o'clock a. m., at the court house in Sedalia, Pettit county, Missouri, an election will be held for the purpose of electing nine directors of said company. This notice is given in pursuance of the statutes in such cases made and provided, no annual election of directors having been held.

(Signed.) G. W. READY, J. G. WHITE, Stockholders.

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